

THE COOKING PARTY.

New York Smart Society's Latest Penitential Diversion.

MEN DRESSED AS CHEFS.

An Artistic and Unique Stairway Seen in a Studio—Irish Crochet Hand Bags Very New—Suggestions For a Spring Walking Suit.

My Dear Eliza—If a girl has a talent for cooking, the fascinations of Cleopatra and the cunning little ways of Billie Burke she's well equipped for the latest Lenten craze, a cooking party. No, dear; this latest freak in domesticity which smart society here in Gotham is indulging in is nothing like the usual Dorcas culinary party, where one ruins one's dress and digestion, smiling meanwhile the smile of a villain, and then goes home and says things. The particular function, as Aunt Elmer would say, to which I refer takes place in the evening at the witching hour of 10 o'clock, and the chefs are equally divided between the fair and the stronger sex. But, to tell the story from the beginning, one morning last week I found among my small invitation from Mrs. Van D. asking me to a cooking party. I instantly knew from the clever way in which the "bid" was got up that something unusual and amusing was imminent. The function certainly proved to be all the bit of cardboard promised in the matter of novelty. Naturally you are devoted with curiosity as to how the invitation was sent out. Well, Miss Johnnie Bear, in the envelope addressed to your scribbles was a bit of cardboard in the shape of a dish, in one corner of which was painted a chef's cap and in another the words "Come and cook with me, nine p. m. March seventh." Mrs. Van D.'s name and address were under this inscription.

On the evening mentioned I appeared at the home of my hostess gowned in a charming frock Mrs. Jane—she's the smart New York dressmaker—had just sent me. Of course I'll have to tell you that the creation was a clinging affair of dull brownish rose crepe. The only trimming on the bodice was an exquisite band of embroidery in tones of rose with higher lights than the mauve of the gown material arranged in harness effect about the yoke. You know how a semi-empire frock hangs from the shoulders of embroidery, outlining the figure in a wholly fascinating fashion. Well, my frock was perfect in its sartorial etiquette, and, what was more



WALKING SUIT IN PALE GRAY RAJAH.

Important, Dick said it was very fetching.

Entre nous, the touch of bright rose net that made the yoke and collar over a cloth of gold lining did the trick of becomingness. But what miles I've strayed from the party. To return to our notions, when the guests had all arrived—five girls and as many men—Mrs. Van D.'s our hostess led us to the stunner kitchen I have ever seen. The servants had evidently been sent out for the evening, for there was none of them in sight. And what a mess we made of my story. On two tables were rows of chafing dishes, substitutes for the kitchen range, and we were told to "get busy" and prepare the best dish suitable for the time and occasion in our dietary repertory. What a lot of hard thinking was done! Everybody helped everybody else, and there was lots of fun at the expense of Elizabeth Z., who couldn't make anything but fudge. Then there was great sport when some one ran out of ingredients and Dick and Elizabeth had to run round to a little shop that happened to be open and supply the missing link. Have I told you that your little evening dress the men wore white aprons and chefs' caps and that we girls put on the most bewitching lace headresses and fantastic pin-up, as an English girl who was one of the guests, called our American apron.

There were three prizes—one for the most tasty contribution to the menu, one for the most deplorable one and a third for an original dish invented by the composer. Rivalry ran high for the possession of these prizes.

Even the "booby" prize was coveted—a perfectly charming hand bag of Irish lace over white suede and mounted in gold. Mabel, your little Mabel

succeeded in annexing this bag, and she's so proud of her culinary failure that she's sketched the bag for you to duplicate if you think it's worth while.

The prize for originality was won by the Savaris of our set, Waldorf W., and this amateur chef was delighted with the jeweled cigarette case Mrs. Van D. handed to him with the graceful remark that any jeweler could make a cigarette case, but it took a genius to make a sauce.

The credit for having originated these cooking parties is supposed to



IRISH LACE BAG WITH GOLD MOUNTING.

rest with Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, who has been doing St. Louis—or, I believe, this titled Englishwoman calls them Greek—dances for charity affairs here in New York. Lady Constance, you know, is a great sportswoman in England. She has a strong strain of the Scotchwoman's instinct for domesticity and is an adept in making the cakes of her native country.

And speaking of clever women reminds me of an artistic friend who has paneled the hallway of her studio with nothing less than the sides, fronts and tailboards of the gayly painted carts used by Sicilian peasants. The spokes form the banister spindles, and she does make a gorgeous array of baroque coloring. The rail was contrived of the shafts. As carved cherub heads, painted angels, mythological legends or Biblical subjects are the chosen decorations of these hardwood-paneled halls, few more attractive panelings than these dismembered carts could be found.

Not at all in the same class of decoration, but a good practical idea, was the unique framing of a man's picture in a small suede skin that I saw recently. The irregular edges and generally dog eared effect of the whole skin were very artistic. The girl who originated the idea told me it was as easy as anything to make. She simply cut an opening in the center of the skin large enough to accommodate the photograph, glued it in place and stenciled a design around the picture. The suede used was of a pale tan color and the stenciling carried out in tones of brown that blended delightfully with the sepia tints of the photograph. But there is no end of pretty effects to suit individual pictures. Of course it would be desirable to have only one of these frames in a room, for a plethora of them would transform an apartment into the appearance of the wig-wam of Sitting Bull (is he alive or dead?), the great Indian chief, or a corner at an arts and crafts exhibition.

No matter how hard I try to avoid the subject of clothes in my letters to you, Eliza, somehow, somewhere, this most important of all feminine topics is sure to crop out. This time it's in evidence because I've bought a spring suit. Yes; I selected a one piece frock and coat suit of pale gray rajah. The princess frock has a lot of gray flit about the bodice, and the coat is a rather odd affair, with the sleeves joined to the shoulders with insets of gray lace. There is some fine hand embroidery in self color on the coat and skirt; expensive simplicity Dick's going to find it, I'm afraid, when the bill comes in. Ever most sincerely yours, MABEL.

A Card Index.

"Absurd," declares many a housewife. "A card index is all right for an office or a library, but when it comes to the home—why, it is simply ridiculous."

And yet this objection is but the theory of housewives that have sunk in the rut of doing as their grandmothers and great-grandmothers did and usually not as well, for the dames of past generations generally had enviable household systems.

One of these sets of cards is very inexpensive, as is also the small wooden box or cabinet in which to keep it. Or why not keep it in a desk drawer? If you have an index just for recipes, why not keep it in a drawer of the kitchen cabinet?

Capital, by the way, for keeping recipes! For example, if you have three or four recipes for rice pudding file them together. It is so much more convenient than hunting through page after page in your personally compiled cookbook of among a pile of slips of paper.

Splendid for keeping household addresses—those of dealers, employees and that sort of thing.

Remember the old saying, "A place for everything, and everything in its place."

To a Poet.

Write on and don't despair, my boy, Because you find your muse is coy And all your lines to your annoy, The editors decline.

What though your muse has proved unkind? You have a royal chance to find One every way just to your mind.

Remember, there are nine!—J. J. O'Connell in New York Evening Telegram.

An Experiment.

"He wanted to borrow a pistol." "What for?"

"To blow out his brains." "Does he think he can improve on nature?"

TEETH AS THEY GROW

The Way Nature Forms and Fixes Them in the Gums.

THEY ARE NOT MADE OF BONE.

Teeth Are Really Skin-Structures in Respect to Their Mode of Origin. The Variety of Form Which Adapts Them For Varying Uses.

Familiar to everybody as the teeth, few persons save those who have dipped into their history viewed from the scientific side, can form an adequate idea regarding their true nature. If the man in the street were asked to construct a classified list of his bodily belongings he would almost certainly place teeth in the section which included the bones. There appears reason for his choice. Teeth are hard and bonylike in structure, and they are fixed in the jaws. These facts would seem on the face of things to justify the inclusion of the teeth in the list of skeletal structures. This view of the teeth, however, is readily proved to be incorrect. We have only to appeal to nature's way of making a tooth—in other words, to study its development—to assure ourselves that teeth are not bones at all, but structures of a very different kind.

The first indication of tooth formation begins in very early life in the formation of a groove in the gum, or mucous membrane lining the mouth. This furrow is the birthplace of the teeth. From the groove arise as many little projections of the gum as there are to be teeth. Each projection we call a papilla.

Now, this little body contains a plentiful supply of blood vessels, destined to bring to it the raw material—blood—out of which not teeth alone, but all other organs, tissues and secretions, are manufactured. The papilla, besides, is composed of and particularly invested with living cells of special kind. These cells are to be regarded as the workmen which fabricate the tooth. The material specially required for tooth formation consists of compounds of lime associated with other substances.

Around the papilla and upon it, as on a mold, the hard material of the tooth is deposited. It is elaborated into a substance which, under the microscope, shows a special structure of its own, differing widely from that which is represented in bone. The great bulk of a tooth consists of ivory or dentine, as it is also called. This is a dense, hard substance which shows a texture composed of an infinite variety of microscopic tubules.

But at the crown of the tooth especially we meet with a layer of different kind and of still harder consistency. This is the enamel, which ranks as the hardest substance in the body. Its position on the crown of the tooth bears a relation to the resistance to wear and tear the tooth is intended to exhibit, the softer ivory being thus protected from the obvious results of the process of attrition. Thus on the papilla, as on a living mold, the tooth is formed, its substance coming to cover, as in an envelope, the little projection itself.

Long before the tooth, however, is completed the groove in the gum has become partitioned off into a series of sacs or compartments. The furrow itself becomes converted into a tube by the upward growth and union of its edges in the middle line. Then succeeds division into sacs, in each of which a papilla is present and in each of which a developing tooth is contained.

If the hard materials of the tooth be found around the papilla we discover that the tooth is a hollow and not a solid structure, for the pulp inside every tooth, a substance richly supplied with nerves and blood vessels, really represents the papilla of the early stages. The tooth's nourishment is thus duly provided for, since processes of the pulp pass into the minute tubules of the ivory and so contribute to the maintenance of the vitality of the organ.

When the tooth is completed within its sac, all that remains is for it to appear in the jaw, in which provision has been made for its fixation. A tooth "cuts" the gum when through upward pressure on the sac it bursts through its investment and takes the place nature has mapped out for it in the armamentarium of the mouth.

Now, in all this history there is no hint given us of any connection between bone formation and tooth development save indeed for the connection between the two structures in the jaw. The gum is the present tissue of the teeth, and the gum is simply the skin layer of the body folded inward at the mouth to form the lining membrane of that cavity, while it is continued onward, with variations in its organization, to form the lining of the digestive tract as well. Teeth are therefore truly skin structures in respect of their mode of origin, which, after all, is the surest and indeed the only test of the nature of any living tissue or part.

By all odds the very longest tooth in the world is that of the narwhal, which grows into a twisted ivory pole often exceeding six feet in length.—A. Wilson in Illustrated London News.

A Sportsman Draws the Lips. "A farmer has to take chances like any other business man," said the citizen who is interested in the uplift.

"Yes," answered Mr. Corns. "I'm willing to take all kinds of chances. I answer most every circular anybody sends me. But I never yet had the nerve to depend on free distribution seeds for my summer vegetables."—Washington Star.

Extremes in Tides. The highest tide on our coasts is at Eastport, Me., 218 inches; the lowest at Galveston, Tex., 18 inches.

NAGEL'S MEN MUST WORK

Salaries Must Be Earned in His Department

NO KIND OF INTemperance

Of Organized Resistance—Republican Party Is Afraid to Interfere—Some Peculiar Ideas Held About Us in Europe.

Washington, June 30.—The secretary of commerce and labor has outlined the policy which will dominate his administration of that department. "If progress," he said, "that the employees of this department shall render a fair equivalent for the salaries paid them, and those who do not must get out. It is purely a question of putting the department on a business basis. I am less disposed to be exacting with a man who has grown gray in the service after years of faithful performance of duty than with the young fellows who have come into it to be supported. The fellows who observe office hours because they are compelled to, who drop their pens at the hour for quitting, no matter what the condition of their work, or who fail to give intelligent interest to it at any time have no place here. Men of bad habits, whether it be intemperance in drink or intemperance in neglect of duty, need expect no consideration from me. I am going to consider each case carefully on its merits, and when I act it may be depended upon my action will be well within the requirements of the law." In conclusion Mr. Nagel said: "No one who at this time justifies or what percentage of clerks in the department of commerce and labor is to go on July 1. I generally do things first and talk of them afterwards."

PRESIDENT TAFT ENTERTAINS.

Non-Partisan Gathering on Roof of West Wing of White House.

President Taft entertained at dinner last night at the White House a company of prominent public men, including members of the cabinet, senators and representatives in Congress. The gathering was wholly non-partisan in character, the guests being about equally Republicans and Democrats. A notable number of Democrats from the South were present. The dinner assumed a roof-garden effect. Instead of the White House it was served on the roof of the West Wing, that part of the executive mansion lying between the White House proper and the executive offices. With thoughtful consideration of the comfort of his guests, the president hit upon the happy idea of entertaining them in the cooling shelter of the tall trees which surround the White House. A cool breeze from the Potomac, especially welcome after the sweltering heat of the past few days blew across the table where merriment and good fellowship prevailed, politics being laid aside for the nonce.

TAFT MUST SPEND TRAVEL MONEY

Under The Law It Will Go Back Into The Treasury Tonight.

Unless President Taft makes his trip to Alaska, Massachusetts, the West, North Carolina and a few other places before midnight, he will have to pay his own railroad fare. At that hour the unexpended portion of the \$25,000 travel expenses allowed the president will revert to the treasury unless his expenditure has been contracted. There will be no bill introduced to provide travel pay for the president until after the tariff bill is passed and may not be then.

\$3,000 REWARD IN EXPLOSION CASE

Mayor of Chicago Offers It By Authorization of City Council.

Chicago, June 30.—Mayor Russe has been authorized by the finance committee of the city council to offer a reward of \$3,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of persons responsible for the explosion which caused much property damage in the heart of the city. While more than thirty bombs have been set off in various places, only one man has been arrested in connection with any of them.

ZEPPELIN DESCENDS.

Encounters Bad Weather and Alights in Meadow.

Berlin, June 30.—The Zeppelin airship, which started from Friedrichshafen for Metz early yesterday morning, encountered bad weather and therefore alighted at 4 o'clock on a meadow near Mittelbiberach, about thirty-five miles north of the starting point.

The Uneasy Life.

"I hear Bander has married an actress."

"Yes. He says he can't bear the idea of settling down."—St. Louis Republic.

Business.

The stock was running flat. "Oh, business is so slow. Despite my every effort To give it life and go!"

A voice from earth responded, "If this your spirit damps, Why not, with every effort, Just offer trading stamps?"

—Water Politician in New York Times.

His Natural Suspicion. "Have you ever been to a banquet?"

"No. Have any of my enemies been saying that I was?"—Illustrated Bits.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

The best used for over SIXTY-FIVE YEARS by MILLIONS OF SUFFERERS FOR CHILDREN WHILE TEething, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS, IS SOOTHING THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS THE PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, AND IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHOEA, LAISSEZ BY DRUGGISTS IN EVERY PART OF THE WORLD. Be sure and get Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take it once daily. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Guaranteed under the Pink and Blue Mark. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

—WATER POLITICIAN IN NEW YORK TIMES.

Doctors' Prescriptions. It has been proved over and over again that the doctors of this country freely prescribe proprietary medicines in Latin for their patients, until they are advertised to the public, after which time they consider it a duty to immediately condemn the very same medicine, not because the preparation is not "ethical," but because it is not "effective." There are, however, many physicians of recognized standing broad-minded and successful enough to continue to prescribe such standard remedies as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which they know to be good.

CORN COBS AS FERTILIZER.

Slow Decay When Plowed Under Just the Thing for Orchards.

Corn cobs are rated by farmers about like sawdust and broom corn seed, in point of fertility; and all three are thrown away, or burned as worthless matter. In fact, at some elevators, where corn is shelled by hundreds of wagon loads, a furnace is provided and the cobs are dumped into it to burn the sheller, to go up in smoke. This is a great waste, fully as great as burning the straw-stalks, as a contributor to the Indiana Farmer says. The cob is especially rich in soil food. The large residue in the way of ashes indicates potash. The fierce heat of the cobfire indicates much carbon; and a chemical analysis will show the presence of phosphorus and lime in no mean quantity. In fact, there is no waste material in the cob. It is only a little difficult to make available, because slow to rot.

But there are two ways in which this may be overcome. First a farmer who has a corn crusher can run a load of cobs through it in a few minutes and thus render them available to oxygen. Second, they may be plowed under, more easily than any other form of raw unrotted material except sawdust; and here their slow process of disintegration will be the very thing desired. Nothing can be better under the surface of a meadow-land or more useful as a feeder for the roots of the trees in an orchard. I know this by experience. I plowed and tamped my present little orchard for eight years. Before the last breaking, I covered the surface all over with half-decayed cobs from my elevator (which fortunately has no incinerator) and, with a one-horse bar-shovel plow, I turned them under four to six inches deep. It is now the third summer since this was done, and anyone can notice the effect on the trees. They are thrifty and their fruit is large and well-shaped. The slow decay is just what proves best for the supply of potash and phosphorus and lime for the trees.

Incidentally, I noticed there has not been a mole in the orchard since the cobs were plowed under; and as they are quite active outside, I suppose my cobs act as a hindrance. The crushed cobs, when partially rotted, can be used anywhere, as they will thus not be in the way of the plow or the hoe. And after one year under ground the unrotted cob will be sufficiently rotted to be free from that objection. As the meadow is allowed to run two to five years, they will be entirely unobjectionable as an under feed there. I notice in my orchard now, that when I put the spade down for any purpose, it brings up a splendid soil well mixed with humus.

HARVEST TIME IN EGYPT.

Interesting Sightings After the Tourist Season.

Visitors to Egypt who have the courage to linger a few months after the regular tourist season has closed, will be rewarded by many interesting sights which are utterly foreign to those who fly at the first breath of tropic heat, no matter how familiar they may be with other phases of life along the Nile. It is in the early summer months, when the sun begins to warm up and to send the thermometer higher and higher, that the Egyptian farmer brings out his ancient reaping implements, which have the appearance of having done service in the time of Rameses, hitches up the family dairy, and, with his flock of little brown babies and possibly a wife or two, hies to the fields. June and July are two of the busiest of harvest months.

Egypt is essentially an agricultural country and its prosperity is largely dependent on the success of the farmer, who forms over 60 per cent. of the population. The prosperity of the farmer is almost entirely dependent on the water supply; so, in endeavoring to regulate the rise of the Nile to make it uniform each year, and to provide for the proper distribution of the water, the Egyptian government is working along scientific lines to insure the growth of the crops and to bring back to Egypt something of its former affluence.

The wealthier land owners whose sons have attended the Tewfik college of agriculture have equipped their farms with the latest machinery procurable, but the majority of the fellahs cling to methods pursued by their fathers, and with which they are able to cope in any emergency. The native farmer may approve of the modern tools, but he is slow to adopt them, not only because of their almost prohibitive cost, but also because when they are once acquired they are too difficult to keep in order. When a part of a native plow or a threshing break or wears out, he knows exactly how to go about to repair it; but when a part, or even a small bolt, in a steam plow or threshing break is missing, he is utterly at a loss. There are weeks and weeks of delay while the necessary articles are being brought up the river from Cairo, and with them comes, at great expense, an expert workman who knows how to adjust them, for the native farmer is nothing of a mechanic.

In the meantime the grain waits, unless the farmer owns some of the primitive machinery. One of the curious sights in the Egyptian harvest season is a modern threshing machine noisily working in a field adjoining that in which a native thresher is treading out the grain.

The brown-skinned tiller of the soil, clad in his flowing robes of white or the favorite dull blue and yellow combination, sitting on the high seat of the crank-thresher, which is dragged over the fields by a yoke of patient camels or perhaps a camel and a donkey or a couple of buffalo cows, appears to the stranger who sees this for the first time like the principal actor in a scene worked out by an ingenious mind for stage effect. The native plow of Egypt is simply the forked portion of a tree, or two pieces joined together and smoothed off—a primitive contrivance which may still be seen in use by Cuban farmers. The thresher is a sledge-like affair fitted with round crushers of wood or iron and weighted down from the top. The grain is crushed into the ground, and when gathered up it is mixed with lumps of mud, but it is said that never a kernel of it is lost or wasted.—Herbert Quimby in Leslie's Weekly.

It is also being discovered pretty generally that the work of stocking streams largely benefits those who post the streams. This is so well known that some states maintain open streams on the ground that without doing that the state has no right to spend public money in providing trout for clubs and private landowners. This enlightened conception has not yet made much impression on the Connecticut commission, but it will have to come in time.

The falling off in the trout supply in New York cannot be wholly due to overfishing or ignorant stocking, for the fish commission has done much good work and probably never authorized or knew of that way of stocking a lake which has been mentioned in the Argus. In part the cause will be found in the destruction of the forests, which equal in not attending more to the preservation of the forests. Great as is the supply of timber that remains it is high time to begin managing that resource as well as the fish and game.—Hartford Times.

IN LOCAL MARKETS

Fresh Eggs are Reported Firm To-day

PORK AND VEAL ARE EASY

There Is Prospect for Good Strawberry Crop—Ricker's Market Reports Lower Quotations on Several Items To-day.

Barre, Vt., June 30, 1909.

Fresh eggs are firm and unusually high for this time of the year. Pork and veal are easy. The prospect is for a good strawberry crop.

Quotations:
Dressed pork—9c.
Dressed veal—9c.
Yearling lamb—12@13c.
Poultry—17@18c.
Broilers—27@30c.
Fresh eggs—Firm at 21@22c.
Butter—Dairy, 25@26c, creamery 27c.
Old potatoes—Slightly off, as Southern ones are arriving, 80@90c.
Strawberries—Early bring 15@16c.

RICKER'S MARKET.

Beef and Veal Are Lower and Hogs Are Inclined to Be.

St. Johnsbury, June 30.—Ricker's market reports wool as firm. Beef and veal are lower. Milk is from 85 to 810 a head lower. Hogs are also inclined to be lower. The receipts for the week were as follows:
Poultry—500 pounds, 10c.
Lamb—30, 3@4c.
Hogs—420, 6@7c.
Cattle—70, 2 1/2@4 1/2c.
Calves—610, 3@5c.
Milk cows—325@355.
Wool—9,000 pounds, 23@30c.

IN BOSTON MARKETS.

Butter Is Still Coming in Freely—Feeling in Cheese Easy.

Boston, June 30.—Butter is still coming in freely, but there is a somewhat larger demand for storage, and the market is firmer in consequence. The consumptive demand also has improved, and although no change has been made in prices, dealers find it easier to get what they ask than it was recently. The feeling in cheese is still rather easy, as the demand is light and the supply is steadily getting ahead of wants. Strictly fine eggs are scarce, and prices are gradually drawing away from inferior goods. Jobbing quotations follow:
Butter—Fancy northern creamery, tubs 28@29c, boxes and prints 29@30c, western ash tubs 27@27 1/2c, dairy 25@26c.
Cheese—New York full cream 14 1/2@15c, Vermont 14@14 1/2c.
Eggs—Fancy henery 28@29c, choice eastern 26@27c, fresh western 24@25c.

MAINE'S TROUT EXAMPLE.

A Model in Actual Management of The Problem.

Maine is about the only state in which no falling off in the supply of trout is heard of. Yet in Maine the season is longer than in any of the other states, and smaller fish are allowed to be retained than in most of the states. Maine makes the limit five inches, while New York and Connecticut follow the common practice in making it six inches. But in both states the general fishing is declining, whatever the fact as to some protected waters. Undoubtedly Maine has exceptional natural advantages, but much of its success in keeping up the number of trout is due to intelligent and very extensive restocking. It is not likely that in Maine young trout fry would be dumped into a large lake, to be promptly eaten, as was done in an Adirondack lake, according to the story told in the Albany Argus. This declares that several thousand trout fry were turned loose in deep water near a dock. A day or two later a large trout was caught from the wharf, and its stomach was found to contain 173 of the fry. Planting fish in that fashion is criminal neglect. They might almost as well be thrown out dry ground and left there.

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The falling off in the trout supply in New York cannot be wholly due to overfishing or ignorant stocking, for the fish commission has done much good work and probably never authorized or knew of that way of stocking a lake which has been mentioned in the Argus. In part the cause will be found in the destruction of the forests, which equal in not attending more to the preservation of the forests. Great as is the supply of timber that remains it is high time to begin managing that resource as well as the fish and game.—Hartford Times.

When Your Joints are Stiff and muscles sore from cold and rheumatism, when you sprain a joint, strain your side or bruise yourself, Perry Davis' Pain-killer will take out the soreness and fix you right in a jiffy. For over 70 years it has been the standby for emergencies in thousands of families. Don't go home without a box, or one of the new size 50c. bottles.

SOME GOOD ADVICE ALL AROUND.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1909, by T. C. McClure.] The six footer who yells through the megaphone to call up the carriages after the theater will persist that he has never made a mistake, but you can doubt his word. If he hadn't on this night Mr. Bradshaw and Mrs. Dinmore wouldn't have found themselves side by side in an auto, and Mr. Dinmore and Mrs. Bradshaw wouldn't have taken the same cab. Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw had had something of a misunderstanding before leaving home, and during the performance at the theater he had made up his mind to say things on the way home.

For five minutes the woman beside him ignored his existence. She was still in the sulks, and she might have continued to ignore had not Mr. Bradshaw suddenly uttered a swear word and announced to the chauffeur that a mistake had been made. Mrs. Dinmore gasped and uttered a little scream at the announcement, but did not lose her self-possession. For three long hours she had been thinking how she would like to lacerate the feelings of some man, and she said: "I'm going to ask you how you use your wife."

"Madam, isn't that rather a singular question?" he replied.

"You may think so, but I'm something of a reader of character. If you are not one of the bossy kind around your house then I'm much mistaken. I think you are also selfish and conceited. You were at the theater with your wife. I'll wager that you gave her to understand that it was a magnanimous concession on your part. You'll expect her to sit with freezing feet and save a ton of coal the next week to make even. Oh, I know your sort. If you weren't so self important you'd have never made this mistake. You thought you owned the only auto in town and that this must be yours because it drove up to the curb. There—I feel better, and you can take home. I am Mrs. Dinmore of 342 Maple avenue."

"Yes," said Mr. Bradshaw as he headed the machine in that direction. "It so happens that I know your husband. I know that he is hard up and on the point of failure, and I have heard a dozen people say that it is on account of your extravagance. Don't interrupt me, but you are living in a too expensive house. Your wardrobe costs too much. You keep too many servants. Your husband is afraid of you and dare not at retrenchment. You are wearing diamonds now that will be in the hands of his creditors in less than three months if you don't hold up. Here is Maple avenue, and here's No. 342, and there's your husband and my wife waiting for us."

On leaving the theater and finding themselves in the same cab Mr. Dinmore and Mrs. Bradshaw discovered the mistake by the time the driver had traveled a block. The vehicle was ordered to set them down on Maple avenue, and they had been waiting there half an hour when the others drove up. Meanwhile they had been talking. "Oh, so you are Mr. Dinmore?" repeated Mrs. Bradshaw. I have heard of your wife."

"Yes?"

"She goes into society a good deal."

"Yes," was the reply, accompanied by a long drawn sigh.

That sigh caught Mrs. Bradshaw. She was a sympathetic woman by nature, and she had just witnessed an emotional play and was more sympathetic than usual. Besides, she had heard about Mrs. Dinmore's extravagance. Therefore, weakness and humble minded as she was in the presence of the overshadowing Mr. Bradshaw, she plucked up courage to say:

"Mr. Dinmore, I am very, very sorry for you, but yet it is our own fault it is a way."

"Just what do you refer to?"

"To your wife, of course. Why don't you stand right up and tell her she can't have this and that? She may have a temper, but firmness would conquer that. She may threaten divorce, but pay no attention to that. That is a woman's bluff. I don't think it too late to begin now, but you have got to make up your mind to be firm."

"I see," said Mr.